

Life



OCTOBER 18, 1923

Turn to the Right

PRICE 15 CENTS



For you who want a superlative cigarette *here's the world's finest*—at 20 for 30¢



*Try them tonight
for your Luxury Hour*

—that easy chair hour
when every man feels
entitled to life's best

PALL MALL Specials
New size—plain ends only
20 for 30¢

*No change in size or price
of PALL MALL Regulars*
[cork tip]

Have you been on domestic brands so long that you've forgotten how good a cigarette can taste? A real Turkish cigarette that is blended from the finest Oriental tobaccos!

Take the famous red box home with you tonight, and after your coffee, when you've snuggled down in your easy chair to read, relax or chat—light up a real Pall Mall.

As the rich gray smoke curls from your lips, you'll wonder why you've ever denied yourself the luxury of these

superfine Turkish cigarettes. It's the only smoke for the Luxury Hour—that treasured hour after the day's work, when a man's in the mood for Life's best.

And once you've tried Pall Malls for your Luxury Hour, you'll soon be smoking them exclusively for all hours.

You can enjoy Pall Mall, too, without strain on your pocketbook. For they come now in a special new size—20 cigarettes for 30¢. (*Plain ends only.*) Cork tips remain in the old size, at old price.



20 for 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 for 35¢

A common-sense evidence—on quality footwear—that the shoes are made for the wearer's convenience—*Shoe Lacing Hooks*. Your retailer can sell you shoes with lacing hooks.

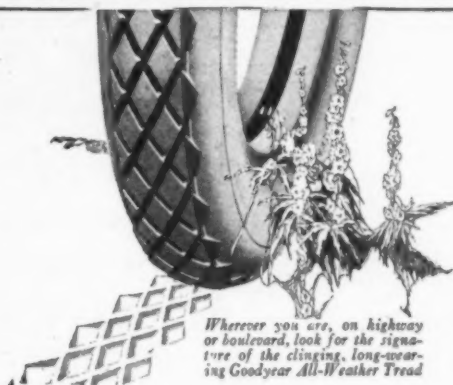
Insist on having what you want!



"WHAT—YOU AIN'T READ 'THE SHEIK'! GEE, KID, YOU MISSED SOMETHING."



THE NAME TELLS YOU EVERYTHING



Wherever you are, on highway or boulevard, look for the signature of the clinging, long-wearing Goodyear All-Weather Tread

WHEN you buy tires you want the tires that give you maximum mileage at minimum cost, and you want to feel that the dealer from whom you buy will back up your tires with service.

If the tires you buy bear the name GOODYEAR, you are sure of both these things.

Today the name GOODYEAR is on a better tire than ever before—the new GOODYEAR Cord Tire with the All-Weather Tread.

Embodying highest-grade long-staple cotton, improved and longer-wearing rubber, heavier and tougher sidewalls, stronger ply-unions and other advantages—this new tire is finding favor everywhere.

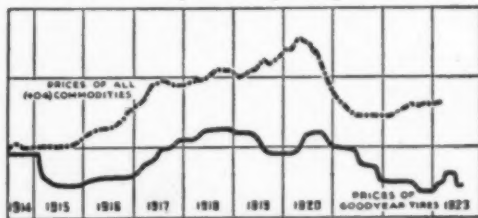
With its reinforced and beveled All-Weather Tread it runs more quietly and smoothly, while preserving in full its celebrated slipless, skidless traction.

It is the tire of tires for long, reliable, economical travel, whether on big cars or small.

When next you buy tires buy the tires whose known excellence has made them the most popular in the world.

GOODYEAR Tires—sold only by GOODYEAR Service Station Dealers, pledged to help you get from your tires all the mileage built into them at the factory.

The name tells you everything.

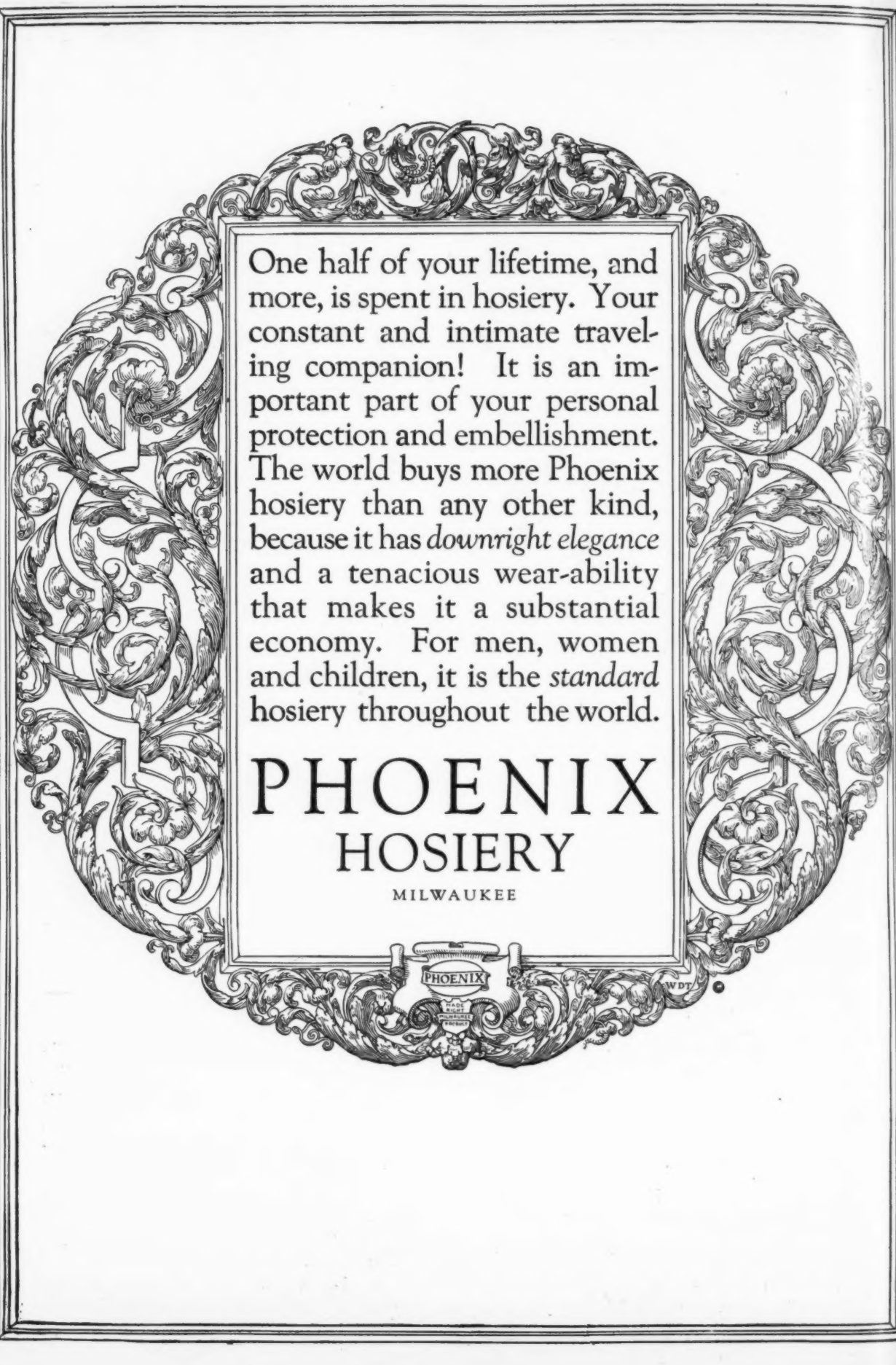


A Good Time to Buy Goodyears

Over the past ten years Goodyear Tires have been steadily improved. Despite this, prices on Goodyear Tires have consistently been kept below the average price level for all commodities, as the above chart shows. Although Goodyear Tires today are better than ever before, Goodyear prices are 37% below those of 1920, and 30% below those even of 1914. This is a good time to buy Goodyears.

GOOD YEAR

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.



One half of your lifetime, and more, is spent in hosiery. Your constant and intimate traveling companion! It is an important part of your personal protection and embellishment. The world buys more Phoenix hosiery than any other kind, because it has *downright elegance* and a tenacious wear-ability that makes it a substantial economy. For men, women and children, it is the *standard* hosiery throughout the world.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

PHOENIX

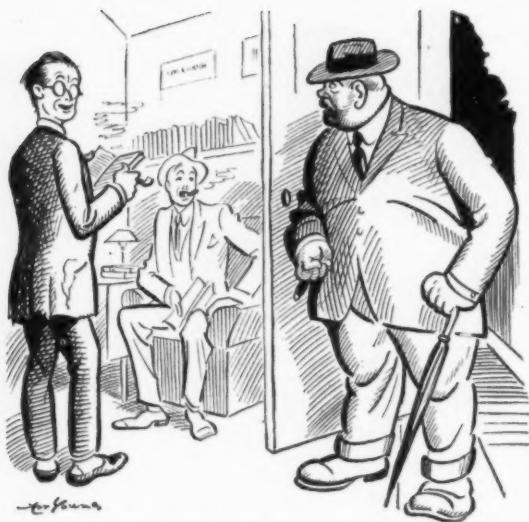
MADE
IN
MILWAUKEE
WISCONSIN

W.D.T.

Life



Color-blind Policeman: IF I WAS SURE THAT FLAG WAS A RED ONE,
I'D SURE PINCH THE BUNCH.



Landlord's Agent: WELL! HOW ABOUT RENT?
Student of Economics: I'M READING IT—THE BEST BOOK
 ON RENT EVER WRITTEN.

Two Out

HARRINGTON: Have you a blank check?
CARRINGTON: No, I just used the last one to over-
 draw my own account.

The New-Voes Always Do the "Right" Thing

THE New-Voes always do the "right" thing.

They've made a study of it.

They know just what to do when some one spills the
 soup into the vase of gardenias.

Or uses the fish fork for ice cream.

Or drinks out of the finger bowl.

They can tell immediately that it is not the "right" thing.

They are thoroughly practiced in how to enter a drawing
 room without falling down.

And how to say "Good evening" without causing un-
 necessary offense.

They also know that they must not tell their guests
 exactly what they think of them.

Should some one pour the champagne punch into the
 piano, they know, immediately, that it is not the "right"
 thing.

And in no circumstances have they ever asked the
 butler to make a fourth at bridge.

They realize that the billiard table is not meant to be
 slept upon.

Nor the gold-fish aquarium to be used for bathing.

Moreover, they feel that their guests should keep awake
 until dinner has been practically finished.

They, themselves, always endeavor to do so.

The New-Voes always do the "right" thing.

They've made a study of it.

C. G. S.



Junkman: HELLO, SILAS. GOT SOME JUNK THERE TO SELL?
Farmer: GO WAN—THERE AIN'T NO MORE JUNK, IT'S ALL ANTEEKS NOW.

For Young Dramatists

LIFE'S Dramatic Workhouse submits the students of its course for playwrights to their annual examination. The bright young man, or young lady, who forwards the best answers—and by best we mean least worst—will be awarded a season pass to the American Wheel.

1. Your hero is a rising young District Attorney. On the eve of the most important trial of his career, i.e., as the curtain falls on the second act, he discovers that the defendant in the murder case is his own wife. He also finds, with horrified amazement, that his father is the judge, his mother is the forewoman of the jury, his brother is the chief witness for the prosecution, and his best friend—who, incidentally, remembers that time when the rising young, etc., forgot himself and his early religious training—is counsel for the defense. How does the hero manage to get his passport in time to sail for Europe the next morning?

2. Your first act is situated in a bedroom, under the auspices of Al Woods. There are two beds. Re-count five methods of having your heroine appear in five different arrangements of lingerie, and give a plausible reason for having a different man under each of the beds on her appearances.

3. Explain the comedy uses of (a) a monocle; (b) a mustache; (c) a foreigner; (d) suspenders; (e) garters; (f) ladies' hose.

4. Construct suitable stage business to accompany a speech by your heroine—a lady of society—the speech being, "I am tired, tired of the empty life I am forced to lead." (Note.



Nancy (on her first nutting expedition): AND WHICH ARE THE TREES THAT HAVE NUTS WITH THE SALT ON THEM?

There is a couch, left center, facing the footlights, onto which any one so inclined may sink, if she happens to be a graceful sinker.)

5. What properties, besides a cocktail shaker, would you need for a modern tea party?

James K. McGuinness.

Free with Every Treatment

WITH mud she daubs her rosy cheeks,

Likewise her dimpled chin.

And thus indomitably seeks
Eternal youth to win.

Wherefore the heart of old or young
With undimmed ardor burns,
As woman, who from clay first
sprung,

At last to clay returns.

The Poet and the Publisher

ONCE there was a poor Poet, a very poor Poet, whose verses were published in the local paper so often that people thought he must have a pull with the editor. However, he was so proud of his effusions that he made an arrangement with a Publisher to bring them out in book-form under the title of "Parnassian Flights," and by the time the volume appeared the Poet was out \$1,500.

Moral

Some poets are shorn, not paid.



THOSE SUNDAY MOTORISTS

Voice from the Roadside: HEY, TURN OUT! THIS TREE IS TAKEN.



Teacher: JOHNNY, NAME A COLLECTIVE NOUN.
"A VACUUM CLEANER."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

October
11th

Lay late, a-planning of my winter apparel, a business I can no longer put off. Distracted over it, too, for how a woman of my temperament is to manage in the evening, with all the trainings and trimming at the side or front, is beyond me. I shall be lucky to get through the season with no broken bones.... Kate Mitchell to luncheon, full of talk about divorcing Jack, for the poor wretch, after clinging to the waggon for three weeks, did stop at some artist's studio where the Russian glasses had convex bottoms and could not be set down, and it was his undoing. Nor could I second again her oft-expressed hope that she can cure him of so strong a habit, forasmuch as Sam still takes all the parsley garnish along with his portion of meat after ten years' intermittent remonstrance. So I could do naught but advise her to consult Dr. Lambert in advance of a barrister.... Reading after dinner in Stendhal's "*Chartreuse de Parme*," one of the finest novels that ever I read in my life, and astounded upon closing it at the thought that but for the merest accident I might have gone to my grave without knowing about it.

October
12th

Marge Boothby early on the telephone, demanding if I would have her up before alienists if she closed her new place and went to an hotel. But she has had three servants since changing her mode of life a month ago, and last night, one vouched for bravely by the agency not only did remove the clams from their shells and cut a grape fruit the wrong way, but quoth, Go on and take some more! to Ned Barnes

when he hesitated over the mushrooms. So I quieted her down and went forth to interview my Virgie's sister in Marge's behalf, and the girl kept repeating that she could do no fancy cooking until I did ask her what she meant by that term, fearing a diet of gruel and broth for Marge, whereupon she replied, I can't cook anything with rosettes on it. So, after a few more questions, I did engage her to report on Monday, and went home feeling like a girl scout, with my day's deed of kindness well behind me.

October
13th

This morning I did make a heavier breakfast than is my wont, having determined to forego luncheon until I have lost ten pounds, and so, after casting up my accounts and finding myself solvent, thank God, fell a-reading to distract my thoughts from food, nor did I look up from "*Old Court Life in France*" until startled by the telephone, and it was Dick Hume asking to speak with his wife Ethel, whom I have not seen for a fortnight, but I bethought me quickly and told him she had just left. And I do think that women who plan to play their husbands in the fog might do a bit of advance work with innocent persons whom they choose to implicate.... Oliver Perry to dine with us, and upon his departure he did scan his features searchingly in one of our mirrors and then quiz me as to its quality, and when I demanded the reason for such interest, he quoth, Lots of people have spent thousands of dollars on doctors simply because they had poor looking-glasses.

Baird Leonard.

Pipe all hands aloft! As Honorary Vice-Admiral of the Naval Home Guard, the Duke of Cornwall waters his prize Irish Bull, George Bernard Shaw.



In model No. 5666a, "Colonel of the Chesterfield Rifles," the Earl of Chester reviews Calgary's finest. Number three in the rear rank is Alfred—the Earl's blue-ribbon Canterbury bell-wether.



Interesting group at "get-together" luncheon tendered to the Duke of Rothesay on the Home Grounds. The Duke is the one in the hat.

RIGHT—Twelve bucks a day for this! Amidst cheering thousands, the Earl of Carrick lays his daily cornerstone for a new silo.



Grand Souvenir of the Prince of Wales' Canadian Visit

Exclusive Pictures of Baron Renfrew on His E. P. Ranch, Obtained by LIFE's Staff Photographer



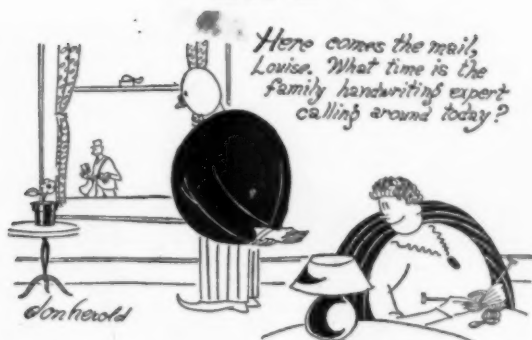
THE INTELLECTUALS

Molly: WHO IS THAT MAN IN THE CENTRE OF THE GROUP?

Peggy: OH, YOU MUST MEET HIM! HE'S THE MOST INTERESTING PERSON. HE CAN BARK LIKE A DOG AND WIGGLE HIS EARS.

BECAUSE football teams are fearing each other in the morning newspapers and calmly awaiting the whistle in the afternoon editions; because the doctors have miraculously mended broken legs and collar bones of stars who were announced yesterday as out of the game for a month; because the coaches have discovered the most wonderful kickers who ever booted a ball over the goal

posts of a sporting page; because of the public demand for tickets, and because of the long line of people who think football is brutal and who would not walk across the street to see a game,—because of these things there is absolutely no way of obtaining a couple of good seats for your Alma Mater's crucial test except by walking up to the box office and laying down the money.



An Opening for Young Men Who Are Willing to Learn

By Don Herold

IT seems to us that the profession of handwriting expert is one that deserves the consideration of every young man now about to choose a career for himself. Never were there so many demands for service in this field. Forgeries are increasing, and practically everybody is receiving poison-pen letters, and our present handful of handwriting experts in this country must be rushed to death. In fact, we dropped in to see a handwriting expert around the corner from us, recently, with some knotty problems in that line, and there wasn't a vacant chair left in his waiting-room. Much as we hated to let our poison correspondence and forgeries accumulate for another day, we had to postpone our call.

While preparation for the career of handwriting expert requires years of training, it brings the successful graduate into touch with the most prominent people in the country. And some of the wealthiest. The fees are fine, we understand. The fact that somebody's name is worth forging or defaming is evidence that that somebody has something in the bank, and the handwriting expert, therefore, is certainly in a position to get good pay.

It takes about seven years of technical training to produce the handwriting expert, we understand—that is, on top of a general college education. After completing college, the handwriting expert must study for three years to learn to tell handwriting from typewriting. He must be able to say instantly: "That is handwriting."

The following three years of this highly technical course are given over to study of the use and care of the microscope. The microscope is often

necessary, in more difficult cases, to distinguish handwriting from typewriting.

The last and seventh year is devoted to actual clinical work. Actual cases are brought before the student, some of them highly complicated—for example, a typewritten letter with a hand-written signature. The student, by this time, can tell pencil writing from pen-and-ink writing, knows the alphabet, can tell capital letters from

the other kind, and is ready for practice.

If a man comes to him with a forged check, he can ask: "Did you write your name to this check?"

If the answer is in the negative, the hand-writing expert can say: "Then the check is a forgery."

He will receive a generous fee, and the next day the papers will say: "Handwriting experts say that the check is a forgery."



"DON'T YOU THINK FOOTBALL TO-DAY IS A BRUTAL SPECTACLE?"
"OH, I DON'T KNOW; I THINK THEY HANDLE THE CROWDS MIGHTY WELL."



THE MODERNIST

Life Lines

PRESERVING his incognito to the end, Lord Renfrew slipped quietly out of Canada leaving the natives still laboring under the impression that he was the Prince of Wales.

┆

The Prince may have been traveling incog.—but you can't fool a horse.

┆

The recent pressmen's strike in New York gave the Skeptics' Society an ideal chance to test the theory that "no news is good news."

┆

Washington is alarmed at the report that nine tons of fossils have been shipped from Manchuria to the United States.

Something must be done to protect our home-grown Senators from this cheap foreign competition.

┆

Jack Dempsey killed three buffaloes on a hunt in Utah recently. He has evidently started training already for a return bout with Firpo.

┆

There has been a serious strike among the milliners in France, but it has had no effect whatsoever on the local supply of "Paris" hats.

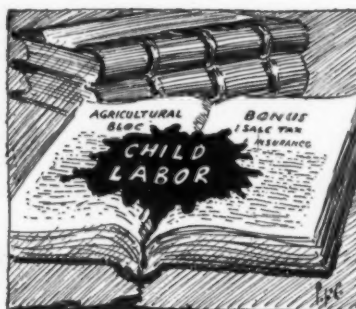
The entire faculty of Lafayette College has entered the contest for Mr. Bok's \$100,000 peace prize. We can't have too much of this kind of fighting spirit in our colleges.

┆

President Coolidge has asked the newspapers to spare his sons from publicity. There would be a lot more space in the rotogravure sections if King George should make a similar request.

┆

They are using Japanese rickshaws instead of taxicabs in Berlin now, which proves that the average weight of the German people has really been reduced.



THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

The publishers of "The Book of Etiquette" should issue a volume for restaurant patrons entitled, "What to Do Till the Waiter Comes."

┆

The bumper apple crop this year pre-sages a tough winter for the doctors.

┆

The baseball championship has remained altogether too long in New York. It isn't cricket.

┆

Another unsinkable ship has been launched, beating the unprecedented storm by an unbelievable margin.

┆

When the French get tired of the Ruhr, they might come over here and occupy Oklahoma for a while.

┆

"The length of life," says Cobbett, "ought to be measured by the number and importance of our ideas, and not by the number of our days."

Unfortunately, however, when measured by this standard some of us have never been born.

┆

For a man who has never studied stenography, King Alfonso of Spain is certainly clever at taking dictation.

The Sporting Editor Cleans Up

SHORT-HANDED that day on the *Evening Courier*? I should say. Through a combination of direful circumstances, we were apparently going to be without our foreign news, theatrical gossip and financial comment. But Steve Hedges, our sporting writer, saved the day. Despite the fact that the World Series was just coming along, and that he was up to his neck in work, turning out prophecies that the team which won the series would be known as World's Champions, he volunteered to cover the other matters.

"Go to it," said I. And he did. Here are extracts of what he turned out in that crisis:

The statesmen in Europe are now entering upon their final stretch of training for their next diplomatic conference. In general outlines their preliminary work has been the same: all have been eating raw beef and doing a lot of road work to improve their wind. Until recently England, France, and Germany had been considered the chief contenders. Germany is showing considerable cleverness in sailing close to the wind. The Gallic crew has indefinite endurance but a tendency to rush their slides. The English are holding secret practice and no one seems to know whether they are developing an open game or the old-fashioned line-bucking type. Recently Italy has attracted attention with her double crisscross, her backhand drive, and her attempts to steal bases. Nor is Russia to be completely forgotten; of course, she plays according to her own rules, heels her club in the bunkers and seems to prefer the rough to the fairway, but she has a knack of laying other nations a mean stymie just as they are ready to hole out.

With that out of the way, Steve tackled the drama. He hadn't attended any first night, so he had to be content with some random comment on the stage:

Estelle Sinuous of the "Follies" is proving a hard girl to stop. In six months she has come from the rear ranks to a spotlight position as a middleweight. Not another girl on Broadway has her reach. Where the ordinary jane is content with knocking out the first three rows, Estelle possesses a quick jab to the heart that floors 'em as far back as the seventh row.

Montague Bellows, in his Shakespearean revival of "Macbeth," had been receiving complaints that the casting of his lines wasn't reaching the gallery.



"KNICKERS LOOK FOOLISH ON BOARD SHIP."
"ONE MUST BE PREPARED FOR THE GOLF STREAM."

For instance, he was topping his big speech in Act III so badly that it just rolled feebly along over the orchestra pit. He is now trying a new stance for that speech, with the result that he easily lofts every syllable into the back rows.

Steve found it easier going for him when it came to the Wall Street gossip:

To keep your nerve on the last long putt,
That takes a regular guy,
But it takes more yet on a day like this,
When the market won't stay high.

To hold your ground in the resined ring,
With a heavyweight's fist to eat,
Is no child's play, but it's pie compared
With to-day's slump in Mexican Pete.

So dig in your spikes from the crack
of the gun
To the tape—for woe or weal.
And Never say Die, for you may be
the one
To steal home with U. S. Steel.

"There—that's that!" said Steve,
as he yanked the last sheet out of his
typewriter and flung it over on my
desk. "Don't let little things annoy
you."

Leonard Hatch.

The Ultimate

AFTER Henry Ford breeds a cow for both milking and slaughtering, there will be practically nothing left for him to do but bake a cake that you can eat and have too.



The Boy: NOBODY'S BEHIND US—OUR DUST'S BEING WASTED.



Picker, whose favorite proverb is "Waste not-Want not", spends many delectable moments in the "lean" district. Picker always goes away refreshed.



The critic finally strikes a show that even surpasses his worst expectations. His first real thrill because now he can exhaust every synonym of the word 'rotten'.



While waiting for Mrs. Dash, Mrs. Snag's eye sucks the contents of a peremptory note from a tradesman demanding payment. Now let anyone sing Mrs. Dash's praises and Mrs. Snag will plant the dig of a life time.



Having listened to flattery from an oily tongued acquaintance for five minutes, Mr. Crimp is being asked for the loan of \$10. Crimp gives vent to chuckle after chuckle as he realizes that his hatred of all Mankind has not been in vain.



Jona, nursing a gnawing disdain for the man who loves machinery, gets the emotion of his life when he discovers one of the despised clan out of luck. Jona has his first sip of Heaven.

When It's a Joy to Be a Pessimist

Fables for Farmers

"WAS down to the Grange hall over at Windham last Saturday," remarked ruralist Yarborough to the city man who was looking for trout in the north branch, "to see one of them movie pitcher shows. Kinda' history it was, 'bout the pioneers who pushed out over the mountains and through the woods and across the prairies, till they come to the Pacific Ocean. Tell you, they was some men in them days—and wimmen, too. Wasn't afraid of Injuns, wild beasts, hard work or anything. Made homes in the wilderness and just as soon as they'd got a little settlement some of them 'ud be moving on further West. 'Builders of Empire,' 'twas called, and I guess it was that kind of men that made this country what it is today. Clearin' off the woods, breakin' up the tough prairies, makin' roads and startin' schools, they opened the way for the millions of immigrants that followed. They certainly was men. Queer thing about them, too. So far's I could see there wasn't a single blame Prohibitionist, Pacifist or

Uplifter amongst them. They didn't have no protective tariff or guva'mint Land Bank to help them, and there wasn't any of these here Commissions or Bureaus to tell them how to run their farms. Just hard work and pluck, and ready for any kind of a job. 'Course there warn't so many millions of these parasites in the cities living off'n them in those days, all givin' the farmer good advice 'bout diversified farmin' and co-operative marketin', but somehow they got along and made money. When I hear these fellows talkin' about what the guva'mint ought to do for the farmers I want to tell them that the farmers have done a whole lot more for the guva'mint than it can ever do for them."

W. G.

Ersatz

A COMPARISON of the wheat surplus with the paper shortage should suggest a new composition to the manufacturers of breakfast cereals.

NEVER put off to-day what you can reduce to-morrow.

The Unemployed

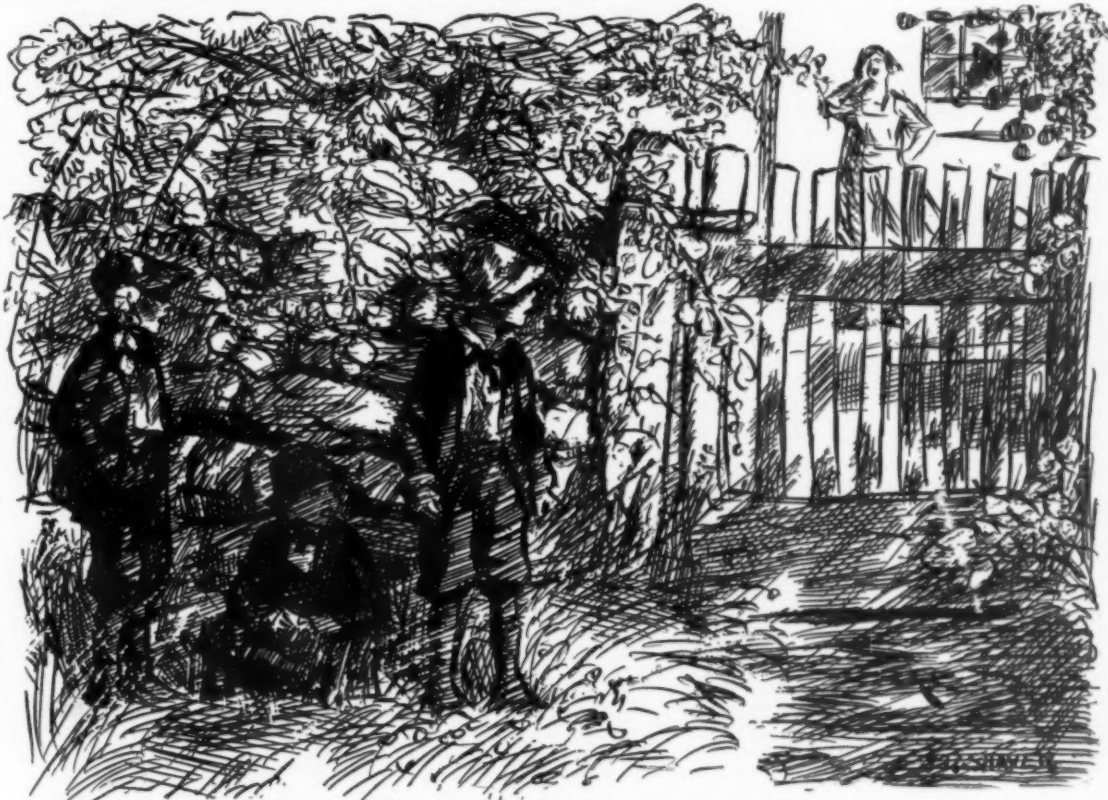
IN Brusa's vale (Olympus sitting by, His thinning hair snow-white against the sky, Brooding o'er villages and homes destroyed) I saw some thousand storks in search of food, Stalking each one in stately solitude— Another army of the unemployed.

John Finley.

Brusa, Turkey, July, 1923.

Dinner à la Mode

FOUR rounds of synthetic cocktails. Essence of Madrilene. Two cigarettes. Filet of sole, Vin Blanc. One quarter of a glass of bootleg gin. Half a fox-trot. Breast of guinea hen. Three cigarettes. Salad Chiffonade. Three-quarters of a one-step. More bootleg gin and four cigarettes. Bombe glacé. Coffee and one-third of a waltz. Five cigarettes and still more bootleg gin.



Bobbie: YOUR MOTHER'S CALLIN' YOU, WILLIE.
Willie: OH, I KNOW IT! BUT SHE HASN'T SEEN ME YET.



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IT is the open season for shooting at France. Every one

so disposed takes exception to her policy and conduct. Collections of atrocities committed by her troops in the Ruhr are easily had and find their way into print. For that matter, stories out of the Ruhr are composed to suit the taste of consumers. There are bad ones and there are others which represent the French soldiers as ragged young Poilus, not pleased with their employment but good-natured about it, quite aware that no glory is to be derived from it, kindly in their dealings with the subjected population and living no better than the folks whose necks they sit on. Of course it is a bad job to occupy a populous strip of country, but the French do not seem to make any worse job of it than is necessary.

Anybody is welcome to any opinion he can form about French policies. It seems to make no difference what he thinks. France has so strengthened her military arms, that for the present she can do precisely what she thinks best in the Ruhr or in Middle Europe generally, and no one has the power to stop her. Her air force far out-matches that of all the other countries of Europe put together. What she could easily drop on London overnight is a consideration that helps to constrain England to great moderation of deportment. British opinion, for the most part, is strong in disapproval of the Ruhr adventure, but it expends itself in print and that is all it can do.

As for American opinion on European policies, it seems to amount nowadays to nothing at all. If there is physical distress we try to help, and

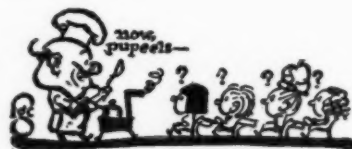
do help, wherever it is. Our bankers do something. Our men of business do something. Our government nothing. So far as our government goes, we are spectators looking on at a struggling continent, and loath even to pay the price of admission. When our government talks, it talks about the collection of debts, a matter about which only a few citizens are concerned at all. We have Great Britain tied up to an agreement to pay us a great sum of annual interest which at present she can very ill spare. There may be folks here who are pleased at that, but there are a great many who are not pleased, and who wonder how long the payments will continue and would find it a relief to have them held up until times are better in Europe.

Like as not they will stop presently. England is up against it very hard. She lives by trade, and trade is bad, and the French incursion into the Ruhr has made it worse. The best thing now for all hands is that the French effort should succeed, that France should accomplish what she went after, see a satisfactory prospect of getting money out of Germany and stop the huge expense of occupation. If that happens things may mend a little.



ONE of the French dreams is of sixty million French subjects in Africa, black men, who are available to furnish armies for use in Europe. Poincaré talks of them now and then, and no doubt there are black troops training, but the black armies would be a great expense to equip and maintain, and while England still has ships it would be a highly hazardous under-

taking to ferry them across the Mediterranean unless England was agreeable to their transportation. This limitless supply of black troops is considerably visionary, but the French provision of airplanes is very actual indeed, as is also the French supply of submarines, which she haggled about at Washington. The pinch about France as the leading military power of Europe is the cost of her military establishment and of the contribution she has to make to help the weaker states allied with her keep up their military establishments. She has not got, and cannot get, the money to do it for any great length of time, and for that reason she seems riding to a fall, unless she can cash in her present ascendancy and get back to economy and to business.

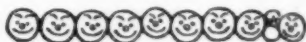


POINCARÉ and those who are with him doubtless know that their policies are precarious. It must not be supposed that the French have gone giddy or developed a distended appetite for glory and military domination. They have had glory enough and they have had war enough. They do not like to spend money even when they have it. It is in the paper at this writing that the French Liberals intend to protest against the further loan by France of eight hundred million francs to Poland, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia for military expenses. The French cannot like spending money in that way. They are not doing it for fun. They want security and collections. It seems plain enough that the industrial forces in Germany, who controlled the profits of business there before the Ruhr adventure, did not intend to pay those profits to France. The German masters who had what money there was had no mind to pay any more of it to France than they could help. The purpose of the occupation of the Ruhr was to make them pay. France could see no other way to do it than to pinch Germany harder. What she undertook to do she has done pretty well. Whether it was wise or foolish is another matter, but at least France has got the rest of the world interested in her. If she gets a fall she intends to fall on Germany, and if the two of

them go down it will jar this small world considerably. That is why it is not quite so foolish as it seems to suggest that some method of providing safety for France may be the leading issue in the next Presidential election in these States.

For, of course, the French plan is no cure for Europe. It is a resort to the methods of the past and will lead in the end to a repetition of past consequences. It is a resort to force, to alliances, to military preparation and maintenance of armament at crushing expense. Europe has had all that this long time and has had to pay for that policy. She must come to something better, to a better

spirit between the nations, to a real co-operation for the promotion of the general welfare. It is easy to see that that is necessary, but not at all easy to see how it can be brought about. But necessity is still the mother of invention and there are great spiritual forces stirring in the world that may presently accomplish something.



WHEN one has leisure from reading the local hold-ups, divorces, motor-car accidents and poisoning cases, he reads a little about the activities of Governor Walton of

Oklahoma and wonders what that row is really all about, and who has the best case. Governor Walton seems a doughty man, and it would seem that the example of Mussolini has not been lost on him. But Oklahoma is not Italy.

Queer times! A lot of epidemics seem to be running through the world. One cannot say that the war made the world safe for democracy, but it does seem to have done something for self-determination. The propensity of folks to go their own gait has really been considerably developed, with the consequence of stirring up other people to organize to hinder them.

E. S. Martin.



TAKING DICTATION FROM A NEW BOSS



Another International C



International Complication



More Revues

WILLIAM COLLIER and Sam Bernard had a good idea to start with in their "Nifties of 1923." They evidently decided to keep within one hundred dollars in the purchase of scenery and costumes, and concentrate their talents on the humor department. And, so far as we are concerned, we had rather see William Collier work all evening in front of an 1890 street-drop than many another comedian in a series of scenes made of solid gold composition.

But, unfortunately, the Bernard-Collier-Dillingham combination tried to make their one hundred dollars cover one or two big spectacular numbers, including one in which Mr. Butterfly is unfaithful to Orchid in favor of The Flame. (In case you don't get around to seeing the show, we will tell you the big finish. Mr. Butterfly gets scorched, while Orchid flutters off with Another Butterfly.)

This attempt to compete with money-spending revues by using oyster-crackers as legal tender gives "The Nifties" the effect of being a cheap show, when, as a matter of fact, they needn't try to compete in this line at all, for they have the material for a very amusing entertainment.



IN the first place, William Collier probably knows more about comedy and the direction of comedy than any one else in the country. When you see his name connected with a sketch, you may be sure that, even if you don't laugh all the way through it, you most certainly never will wince. Personally, we usually laugh all the way through, but that is an entirely individual reaction to Mr. Collier's type of humor.

So we had a thoroughly good time at "The Nifties" in our own boisterous way, and were pleasantly soothed by the tight harmonies of Van and Shenck and Mr. Crumit's genial voice. But our calibre as a music-critic may be gauged by the fact that we nearly swooned with pleasure when the Elm City Four turned a rather tricky melodic corner in a quartette selection. Now you know.

The one big redeeming feature of "The Nifties," however, is the comedy (and the surprise at seeing Miss Hazel Dawn give by far the best imitation of Jeanne Eagels in the long list of the season's attempts), and if the management could see its way clear to shaking off its delusion of grandeur, it could emerge as excellent entertainment. Just now, it must hurt a patron who has paid five-fifty plus overhead to see his money being salted away practically intact.

MR. JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON has also seen the light in the matter of comedy. For five years now he has been producing gorgeously beautiful revues with a minimum of legitimate laughs. This year in the Greenwich Village Follies he has marked time on the production (still beautiful but not so startling as the others) and has combed vaudeville and burlesque for specialties with which to arouse the elusive cackle. And to our way of thinking, he has succeeded. May we list some of the most distinctive?

1. William and Joe Mandell. Yes, they *are* acrobats, but one of them does a slow leap into the air which has driven us crazy trying to figure out.

2. The Two Briants. It is difficult to classify this team, but one of them, who plays the rôle of a gently collapsing dummy, is the most remarkable person in his line that we have ever seen.

3. Buster West, a young dancer. He is pretty sure of himself, but not without reason. If we had one-half the control over our legs that he has over his, we would be twice as cocky.

The regular comedy is especially fortunate in the hands of Tom Howard (late of the burlesque wheel) and Denman Maley. Howard's hold-up act is grand, and there is a scene on a raft, written by William K. Wells, which contains much more than ordinary revue fooling.



OF course, the show has great stretches of dullness and unfunny talk, and there are no songs particularly worth buying at the door. We are especially through with birthdays of infantas and spanish dancers. But, as a whole, Mr. Anderson has put together a much better-rounded show than he has ever done before.



THERE is something engaging about the honesty with which Jules Eckert Goodman has written "Chains." Without being a big play, it compels considerable respect and not a little interest through its straightforward quality in dealing with the problem of making an honest woman out of the gel. "Hindle Wakes" did it better, but that doesn't detract any from the pride that Mr. Goodman may take in having done it well. In a generally good cast, Miss Helen Gahagan takes another step toward stardom, and a newcomer in this district, Miss Katherine Alexander, looked from K-101 like what the sport-writers call "a serious contender" for the flapper laurels of the season.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Breaking Point. *Klaw*—It will be all right if you don't see it.

Casanova. *Empire*—To be reviewed next week.

Chains. *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

Children of the Moon. *Comedy*—Effective insanity propaganda.

The Crooked Square. *Hudson*—Excellent burlesque, meant seriously.

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—To be reviewed later.

Grand Guignol. *Frolic*—To be reviewed later.

Launzi. *Plymouth*—To be reviewed later.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed as just about as bad a woman as you ever saw, and very vivid, too.

The Player Queen and The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet. *Neighborhood*—To be reviewed later.

Rain. *Maxine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in the strongest of last season's plays.

Red Light Annie. *Morosco*—Good, solid crime melodrama, with cocaine fixings.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Lots of Parisian atmosphere and acting.

The Shame Woman. *Greenwich Village*—To be reviewed later.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—To be reviewed next week.

White Desert. *Princess*—To be reviewed later.

The Woman on the Jury. *Eltinge*—What happens when woman's intuition meets circumstantial evidence.

Zeno. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Everything for the melodrama shopper.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The country's most popular comedy, constituting a reflection on either this department or the country.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—Cyril Maude bounding through a pleasant bit of British hilarity.

The Changelings. *Henry Miller's*—An excellent cast, including Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Blanche Bates and Laura Hope Crews, in an intelligent comedy.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—Showing what wives can do when they get started.

Cymbeline. *Fifty-Ninth St.*—You know Shakespeare. Also Sothorn and Marlowe.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—To be reviewed later.

Forbidden. *Daly's*—To be reviewed next week.

The Good Old Days. *Broadhurst*—Anti-Prohibition farce which convinces you that Prohibition must be right.

In Love with Love. *Ritz*—Very pleasant indeed, what with Lynn Fontanne and her suitors.

A Lesson in Love. *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Emily Stevens and William Faversham in something worth seeing.

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. *Belasco*—Mrs. Fiske in a comedy which is satisfactory inasmuch as it gives her a chance to be Mrs. Fiske.

Merton of the Movies. *Cort*—Glenn Hunter as the extremely moving moving-picture hero.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—To be reviewed next week.

Tweedles. *Frazee*—A nice Tarkington trifle, with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon.

Two Fellows and a Girl. *Vanderbilt*—Courtship and marriage somehow made entertaining.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Mostly biff-bang farce, with Grant Mitchell.

Windows. *Garrick*—To be reviewed next week.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. *George M. Cohan's*—One of those musical shows. Richard Carle and Billy B. Van.

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—A revue made up of rather unusual sketches and not much clothing.

Battling Butler. *Selwyn*—To be reviewed later.

Greenwich Village Polliwogs. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

Helen of Troy. *N. Y. Times Square*—Good all-around musical show.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Not much different from the others.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Mostly Irene Bordoni.

The Magic Ring. *Liberty*—To be reviewed next week.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Elaborate spectacle, with Frank Tinney heading the comedy forces.

Nifties of 1923. *Fulton*—Reviewed in this issue.

Nine O'Clock Revue. *Century Roof*—To be reviewed next week.

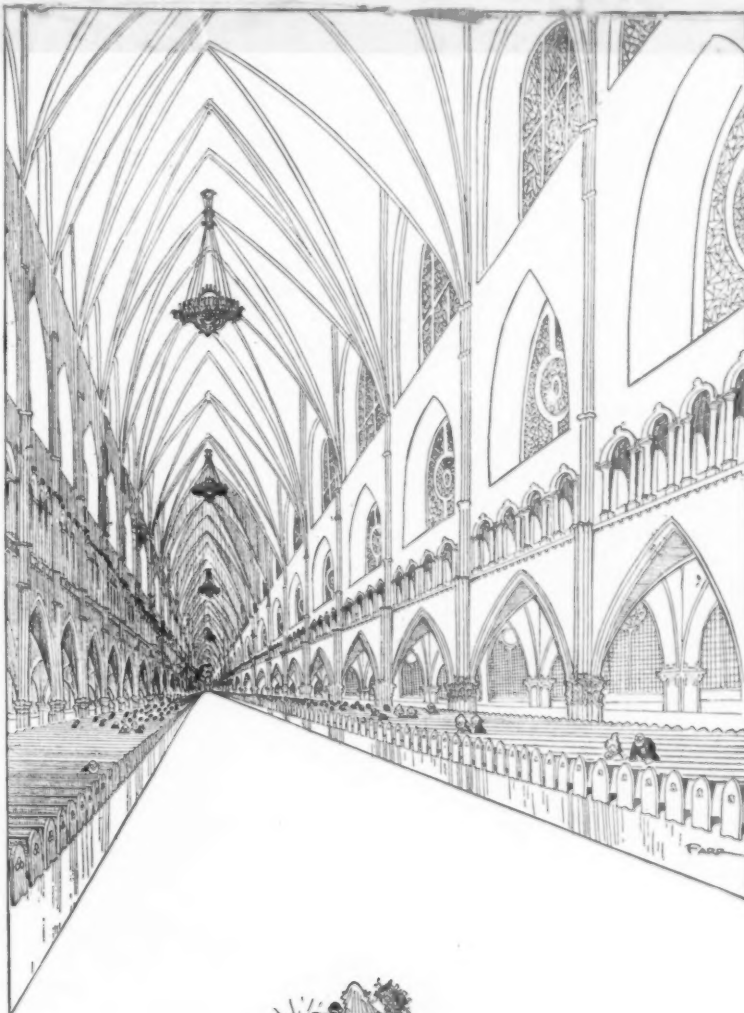
Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields make this a notable event.

Scandals of 1923. *Globe*—Better than George White's previous shows.

Vanities of 1923. *Earl Carroll*—Generally good entertainment, thanks to Joe Cook and in spite of Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Wildflower. *Casino*—You can't beat the music anywhere in town.

Ziegfeld Polliwogs. *New Amsterdam*—To be reviewed later.



REMEMBER THE LENGTH OF THE CHURCH AISLE?



Alice
Hervey—

"OH, LOOK! SOMEBODY'S LEFT THE TELEPHONE RUNNING!"

The Love Letter Contest

"DEAR Once-Upon-a-Time," she wrote, "after all these years what will you think to receive a letter from me? It will be like a ghost reaching out in the dark and taking you by the hand. I am but a ghost to you; you a ghost to me. And yet—"

"Just a trifle brings your face before me—a chance word, the strain of an olden song, the scent of lilacs in the spring, of violets in the winter.

"Ah, one does not forget! Dear Once-Upon-a-Time, one never forgets! All these years without word or sign, and yet to remember! That, perhaps, is the woman of it.

"Still, I think it may come to you, too. In the quiet night times, when ghosts do walk, do you ever feel my cheek against your own, hear me whisper: 'I love you! I love you!'"

"I think it must be so. Dear Once-Upon-a-Time, love is deathless. It lies beneath, above, beyond everything else all of one's life. All of one's life? Why, it is life. Dear Once-Upon-a-Time, love is life."

There were half a dozen men who had loved the Lady of the Love Letter. They remembered it when her

name was blazoned forth in the newspaper as the winner of the first prize.

And each plumed himself, strutted or sentimentalized, as his nature decreed. They shot pitying glances across fifteen or more years to the Lady of the Love Letter.

And she?

She greeted the twenty dollars rapturously—there weren't many twenty dollars in the Love Letter Lady's simple life. But she parted with it more rapturously still. For it went to buy a gay smoking jacket for the husband whom she idolized—the only man to whom she ever had given a serious thought.

Ida Alexander.

The Very Latest Jokes

SETTLEMENT of the coal strike. The joke is on the consumer.

What Mussolini thinks of the League of Nations.

Farmers who say the protective tariff has not helped them ask for still higher duties on foreign wheat.

Manufacturers with seventy per cent. tariff protection denounce farmers for seeking "class legislation."

Wall Street financiers announce intention to come to aid of farmers.

"For to Admire—"

TRAVELER, traveler, home from France,

What is the truth abroad?

Say, does the cause of peace advance?

Is Germany's plea a fraud?

Why, as to that I cannot say.

But here is a thing I know:

Two hundred francs I had to pay

For a meal at Fontainebleau.

Traveler, traveler, you have seen

Italy's hills and dales—

What will become of the Florentine

If ever Fascismo fails?

Listen to this: at a place in Rome

They had the nerve to show

A Fairbanks film that we saw at home

At least two years ago.

Traveler, traveler, set us right—

How do the English feel?

Are they indeed in a mood to fight

Over Alsatian steel?

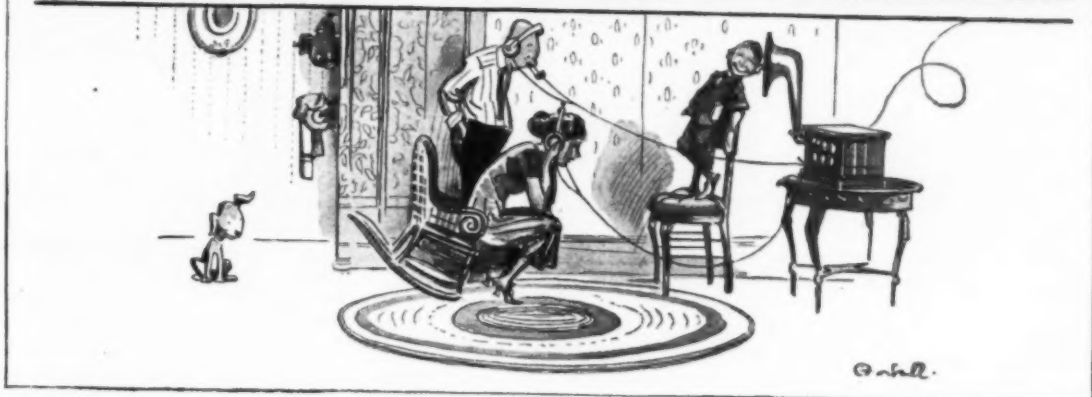
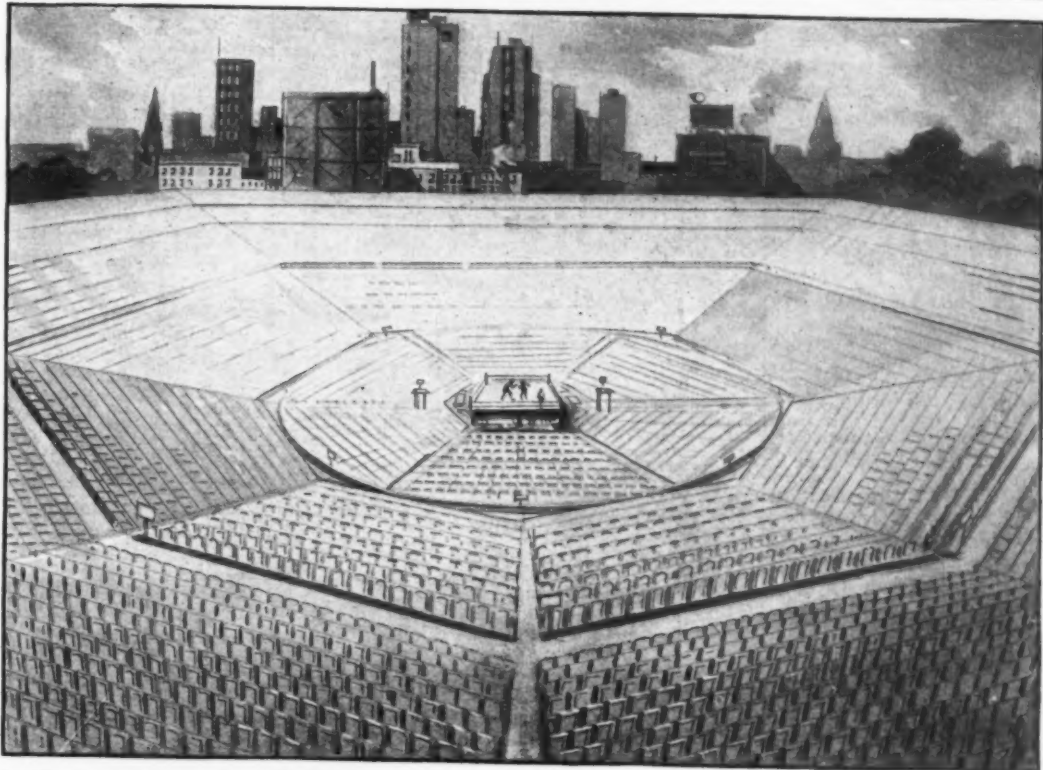
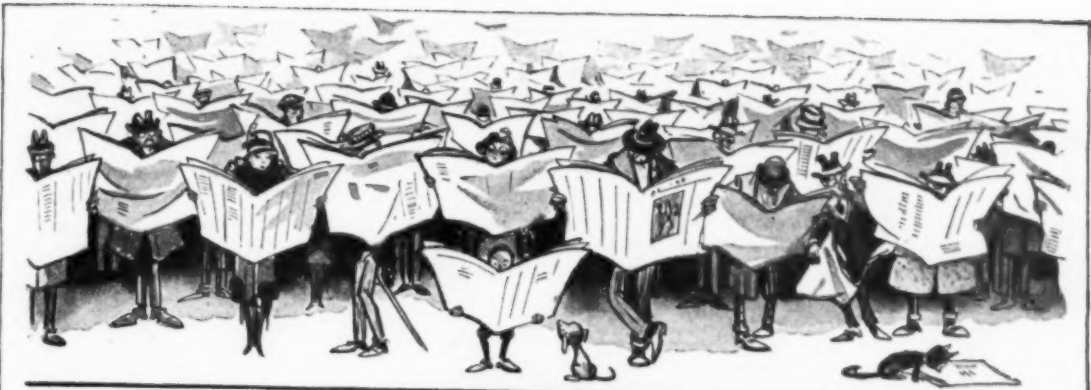
Say, I met a man by the name of Brown

That I worked with at Saint Paul,

In a little hotel in a bum Scotch town—

It's a small world, after all!

Stoddard King.



THE NEXT BIG FIGHT



WHETHER or not reviewers read the books about which they write notices has frequently been questioned, but no gory locks can be shaken at me in this connection. Several years ago I had an Awful Lesson. Skimming the first page or two of "The Cruise of the Kawa," I was about to dismiss it in print as "another contribution to the South Seas literature with which the market is now flooded," when I fell upon this sentence: "He had lost one of his eyes in the Australian bush, where naturally it was impossible to find it." If I had closed the book a second sooner! In gratitude for my salvation, I made a solemn vow, the nature of which I leave to your imagination.

WILLIAM J. LOCKE'S new novel, "The Lengthened Shadow" (Dodd, Mead), was a great temptation. Mr. Locke's easy style has not altered with the ages, nor has his formula for a hero, the latter being a physiological and psychological composite of something dragged in respectively by the cat and Dr. Brill. His penchant for making beautiful young women fall for gentlemen several years their senior amounts almost to mania. So inasmuch as one of his novels is very like another, it's a simple matter to flutter through the pages and then say so.

It's lucky, however, that I had my lesson. For lo and behold, in "The Lengthened Shadow" he has dipped his pen into deviltry, if not downright melodrama. The pretty young ward is present, but this time there is added to the mangy but lovable hero who desires her a villain who desires her inheritance as well. He is an arch-

villain, too, with seductive *savoir faire* and captivating conversation, but he loves cruelty for its own sake, stepping on cats' tails and threatening his enemies with poisoned darts from the Guineas. He moves like a wicked

giving them time to adjust themselves to its responsibilities, and the result is pretty terrible. Here are the prom girls of yesteryear, running around with men to whom they aren't married, ordering raiment which their husbands can't afford, talking ineffectively to dice, and dropping silver flasks out of their bags as they stumble over the threshold en route to their ailing offspring. And the daredevil dialogue in which they indulge! You must read it to believe it.

Miss Speare aims at smart suburban sophistication, but misses her mark sadly. There is an installment-plan touch to her setting. "The Gay Year" sounds as if it were written from hearsay by a respectable spinster. The bridge scene alone is enough to make devotees of the game burst out crying. One redeeming feature is the heroine, *Jerry*, carried over from "Dancers in the Dark." The same *Jerry* whose advice on make-up ought to be printed on handbills and circulated by boy scouts: "Always stop when you think it's a little underdone. It never will be." Little *Eva* from Boston is also a good characterization, her "You spit a bibful" and "Give me time to get my teeth in" going far to correct our outstanding impression of the vernacular in our modern Athens.

"THE SACRIFICIAL GOAT," by Ernita Lascelles (Boni & Liveright), has been widely heralded for having a character drawn from the life along the lines of Bernard Shaw. *Edward*

Moreby is the character's name, and I rather enjoyed the story until he stepped into it. It is all about the struggles of a young woman with a boarding-house background to succeed as an actress, and it will make you

(Continued on page 29)



To Lloyd George

WELCOME, O canny Cambrian!

We like your peppy style;

We like the clever way you ran

Your tight and tidy isle.

We like your witty words which strike

The bone that makes us laugh,

And, now your job is done, we like

The way you stand the gaff.

For years we watched you scale the heights,

Or bridge the yawning voids,

While Britons calmly slept o' nights,

Insured in full by Lloyd's,

And now once more our favorite name

The urns of fate disgorge,

And link two countries in the claim

Of an immortal George.

George S. Chappell.

Robot through the story, which is readable, but just as shallow as it can be.

IN "The Gay Year" (Doran), Dorothy Speare has thrust the younger generation into matrimony without

The Conferees

2:16 P. M.

"Mr. Smugge is in conference," said the stenographer. "If you would care to take a chair."

I would.

2:31 P. M.

"Still in conference," she informed me. "But he should be free any minute now."

2:49 P. M.

She smiled sympathetically. "I'm certain he can't be much longer," was her encouraging assurance.

3:01 P. M.

The door marked MR. SMUGGE—PRIVATE opened and a man who answered readily to any of several names issued forth. Mr. Smugge escorted him to the threshold and there held him for a few parting words.

"To-morrow morning without fail," he admonished the departing one. "Don't slip up on me. I shall have guests for dinner to-morrow evening. And perhaps you had better make it three cases of Scotch instead of two. Yes, three would be better."

3:02 P. M.

"Mr. Smugge is free now, if you care to go in," said the stenographer.

"Sorry, can't wait," I replied as I dashed for the outer door. "I've got to catch that fellow. My guests are coming to-night."

J. K. M.



SETTING-UP EXERCISES

Epigram on a Hack Writer

YOU may deprive him of his pen and ink,
And still he'll write with fluency and taste;
But he will totter on starvation's brink
If you abstract his scissors and his paste!

MANY a girl now realizes that bobbing the hair was the most unkindest cut of all.



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID IT WAS ONLY TEN MINUTES' WALK TO THE STATION!"

"IT IS, IF YOU RUN."

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Potash and Perlmutter"

MONTAGUE GLASS'S droll characters, *Potash and Perlmutter*, are just exactly as funny on the screen as they were on the stage or in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*—which means that the movie version of "Potash and Perlmutter" is a picture that is not to be missed.

Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr occupy the rôles that they created when Mr. Glass's stories were first dramatized, and neither of them loses anything on the screen. Each is such a practiced master of gesture and facial expression that he can manage to convey the profound comedy of the piece without having to speak the words.

Of course, "Potash and Perlmutter" requires some dialogue, and this is managed with great skill in the sub-titles. I can remember but few of them that were not good for a round of substantially hearty laughs.

IT is quite possible that "Potash and Perlmutter" will prove distasteful to the noble Knights of the brave Ku Klux Klan, because it dares to intimate that a New York Jew is just about as human as a Memphis Methodist.

However, if the Klansmen fail to enjoy the honest, homely humor of this picture, they are even more humorless themselves than any one has hitherto suspected.

"Monna Vanna"

BEARING the well-known imprint of William Fox, "Monna Vanna" comes to us as the latest importation from Germany.

In the splendor of its pageantry, the beauty of its scene and the grandeur

of its size, "Monna Vanna" deserves favorable comparison with "Passion," "Deception" and the other Teutonic films; but its story is so long-winded and incoherent that most of the effect is swamped.

"Monna Vanna" came from a play by Maurice Maeterlinck—which is dull enough to start with. Then, following its production in Germany, it was turned over to the mental giants on the Fox scenario staff, who proceeded to endow it with a series of sub-titles which, for sheer elegance and floweriness, surpass even the verbose efforts of David Wark Griffith himself.

I doubt very much whether "Monna Vanna" will occasion much of a stir anywhere; but those who see it will recognize that, under the heap of dead and dying sub-titles, is buried a measure of real directorial genius. Richard Eichberg is the director's name, and it is one that should be remembered.

"The Gold Diggers"

EVERY HOPWOOD'S slim farce of life among the chorus girls, "The Gold Diggers," has been made into a movie, and while it doesn't break any artistic records, it serves at least one purpose in bringing to light the hitherto completely hidden talents of Hope Hampton as a comedienne.

Miss Hampton has never been much of a box-office attraction for the editor of this department. She has wandered about with a baffled expression through various film dramas, trying desperately hard to rise to the situations, and then being depressed by the inadequacy of her reach. In "The Gold Diggers," Miss Hampton doesn't try to act, or emote, or give an

impersonation of Eleanora Duse; she merely behaves like a vivacious young Follies girl, with a couple of Bacardi cocktails to her credit, and an optimistic outlook upon life.

As a result, Miss Hampton proves to be charming and gay. Her manner is natural and her touch light.

ALTHOUGH "The Gold Diggers" is one of those "Warner Brothers' Classics of the Screen" which were to have been supervised personally by the Rev David Belasco, I understand that while the picture was being made in Hollywood, he was spending a happy summer in Atlantic City.

In spite of this horrible handicap, "The Gold Diggers" manages to establish itself as attractive entertainment.

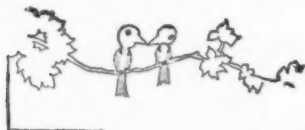
"The Marriage Maker"

IN "The Marriage Maker," Charles de Roche appears as a faun—startled but far from startling. He leaps to and fro eerily, with elfin grace, mincing about from flower to flower and behaving just like a prankful little fay.

If you like fauns—particularly whimsical fauns—you will find cause for ecstasy in M. de Roche's performance. Personally, my own attitude toward all these woodland folk (leprechauns, pixies, flibbertigibbets and peris) has been that I could take them or leave them alone.

"The Marriage Maker" is the poorest picture that the estimable William de Mille has ever made, and the least intelligent. In fact, it couldn't have been much more stupid if it had been sponsored by his brother Cecil—which is exceedingly strong talk, if you know what I think I mean.

Robert E. Sherwood.





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Could It Have Been Hiram?

A familiar figure in the political world stalked through the lobby of the St. Francis.

"What party does he belong to?" asked the Chatty Guest.

"Shush!" warned the Wild Wag. "He would be horribly offended to hear that question. You should ask what party belongs to him."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Dish of Disunion

Extract from Girl Guide Examination Paper for cook's badge:

"Question. What are the ingredients for an Irish Stew? Answer. For an Irish Stew take one Union and cut it up...."

—Punch (London).

Girls!

MADGE: He looked awfully silly when he proposed.

MARJORIE: No wonder. Look at the silly thing he was doing.

—Eve (London).



Seasoned and Sophisticated Movie Patron: KISSIN' HER, EH? I WONDER IF THAT'S HER HUSBIN' OR THE TRUSTED FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

—Bulletin (Sydney).

"CAN Europe Hold Together?" asks a headline. Europe can do nothing together!—Detroit News.

Obedying Orders

A colonel who had been promoted to general gave a banquet to his regiment.

Addressing himself to the soldiers, he said: "Fall upon the food without pity—treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the banquet he observed a sergeant hiding two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" asked the colonel.

"Obeying orders, sir. In war, when you don't kill the enemy you take them prisoner."

—Buen Humor (Madrid).

Pretension

"That the Duponts? Pooh! Beggars they are—without a penny!"

"Really? But they say they spend over twenty thousand a year."

"Hypocrisy, my dear. It's only to give the impression that they have money."—Sans-Gêne (Paris).

Revived

The wisest thing Theodore Roosevelt ever said is quoted least: "The public won't take its own part."

—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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Don't have sore throat again this winter

As you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is the open door to disease germs.

So, particularly at this time of year and, in fact, all winter, it is wise to use Listerine systematically.

For half a century this unusual preparation has been recognized and recommended by physicians as the safe household antiseptic. It will help you and your family ward off many throat troubles that so often anticipate more serious ills.

Simply use it as a mouth wash and gargle; it is pleasant and it will put you on the safe side.

Also, it combats halitosis

Listerine has, moreover, the ability to overcome halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). When you use Listerine systematically, you know your breath is right.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE
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antiseptic



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Fully Illustrated

There was once an artist who was illustrating a novel. "It's a pity it's a love story," he said to the author, "because the only thing I can draw really well is a charging rhinoceros."

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"How many meters does WCTU broadcast on?" queried his fellow fan.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Summer Flirtation

THE FLAPPER (to her friend): I told him my name was Madeleine, and now I don't know how to spell it.

—*London Opinion.*

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN regards "The Rosary" as the world's worst song. This is a nasty blow for the authors of "**** * * * * *".—*Punch.*

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

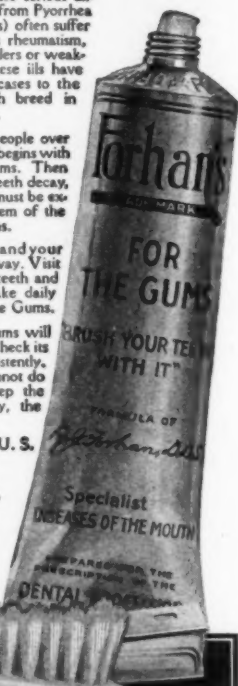
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Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

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A SUPERB panorama en route; ports of call include Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Monte Carlo, Naples, Athens, Haifa, Alexandria—returning via Naples and Monaco and arriving in New York April 2nd.

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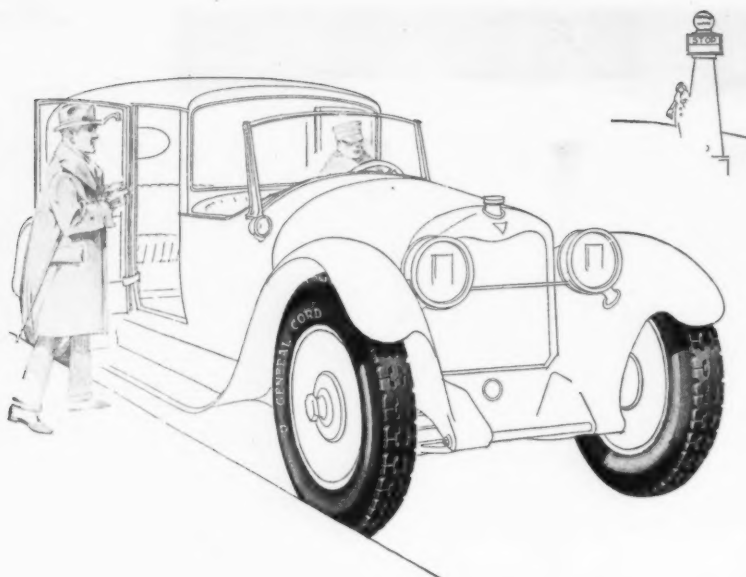
**RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT
CIGARETTES**

I SUPPOSE a novelist must make eventual capital of whatever material stirs him strongly, but it is a great disappointment to me, always out with my drum for Edith Wharton, that she should have fallen back upon the war for her latest book. The substance of "A Son at the Front" (Scribner) is summarized in its title and, as it has been running serially in its publishers' magazine, is probably familiar to most of you. Of course, if we are to keep on reading about war-time Paris for the rest of our lives, I much prefer that Mrs. Wharton and others of her standard should write such books for us, rather than returned soldiers with whom reminiscence gets the better of technique. But I sincerely hope that she got it out of her system in "A Son

at the Front," and from now on I shall watch with great eagerness for a title that is more typical of her.

"THE ENCHANTED GARDEN," by Henry James Forman (Little, Brown), begins so well that it is almost unbearable when it deserts its promise. In the first place, the title is charming. In the second, there is one of Housman's poems on the fly leaf. In the third, the foreword states that the secret behind the appearances of life is woman, and that if the author had a son, the blessing he would give him would be: "Heaven defend you in the women you meet!" After all that, it's a little poor to have it dwindle down to a boy and a girl on a South Sea Island.

... Diana Warwick.

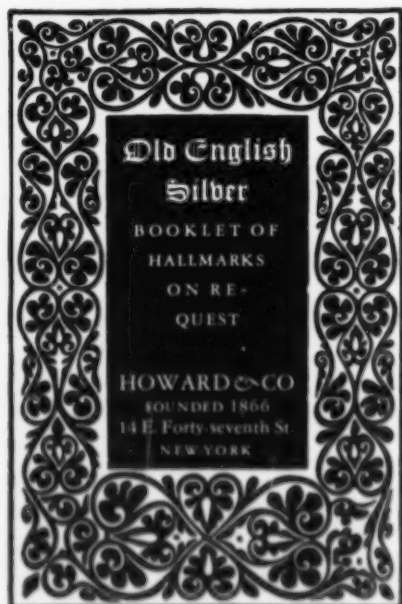


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coming. Whistle blows Nov. 15 sharp.

The Importantly Unimportant

I HAVE always heard that true art consists in economy—of line, of gesture or of words. A painter or an actor or a writer who can get down to essentials and stay there is the real boy or girl.

If this is so, I have discovered—stop me if I haven't—a new art, that of saying practically nothing with the most terrific importance.

Don't get me wrong. I do not mean the crude puttering of retired army officers, statesmen, fathers, oil salesmen or the characters of a prize play. They say little enough, but oh, Lord! how long it takes them to do it. No, my artists are concise, brief—almost sketchy. But the implied weight of their words would bring the A deck of the Leviathan to within ten inches of the cold, angry sea.

Take, for instance, my friend the elevator starter. All I have ever heard him say is "Right!" implying that the elevator has now his full permission to elevate. But it isn't what he says, if you follow me: it is

Sure Relief



the way he says it. The minute you hear him say "Right" you can stake your insurance that God's in His heaven, etc. The starter's entire life is bound up in that one word. With a wealth of dignity and a breadth of expression, it discloses his complete cosmos.

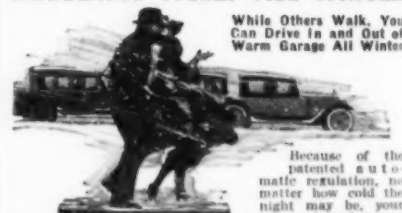
Then I have another friend. He is a bus conductor. When he says, "Low bridge—don't stand up," he is as Moses, hurling forth an eleventh commandment. Majestic! Colossal! Supernal!

They are a brave and gallant crew, these purveyors of the importantly unimportant, whose contributions range from the aloof "Customer—Miss Blatz!" of the superbly detached aisle-man to the esoteric and terrible "Hrrmpf!" of the oldest living member of the Centurion Club.

H. W. H.

WHAT women are fitted for nowadays: Knickers.

THE WASCO GARAGE HEATER REGULATES ITSELF ALL WINTER



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Prepares you and drive in comfort all winter. **WASCO** GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM. Also used for heating offices, stores and cottages. **READY TO SET UP**



Lessons

WHEN I was young I had no sense
(Ah, me, the spell of laughing
eyes),
And foolishly I spent my pence
On cure-alls for a maiden's sighs.
On sweets for Jessie, gloves for May;
On this for Pansy, that for Flo
I squandered what I had each day,
When I was young...and did not
know.

But now I'm old and rated wise
(Ah, me, the lessons of the years),
And I have learned the subtle lies
That lend enchantment to the dears.
A gift from Gorham's, or a book,
A rare edition, tooled in gold,
An opera party—thus each look
I still respond to...now I'm old.

J. K. M.



Multiplying Man-power

To the man with pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable soil conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with pikes.

But the hole-borer with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in a day—releasing for other telephone work upwards of forty men.

Hundreds of devices to quicken telephone construction, to increase its safety to the employee, and to effect economies are being utilized in the Bell System. Experiments are constantly being made to find the better and shorter way to do a given job. Each tool invented for the industry must be developed to perfection.

In the aggregate these devices to multiply man-power mean an enormous yearly saving of time, labor and money throughout the whole Bell System. Without them telephone service would be rendered neither as promptly, as efficiently nor as economically as it is to-day.



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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

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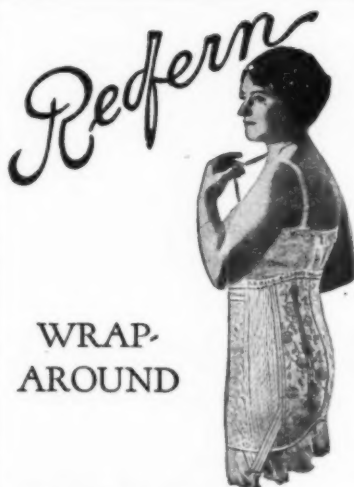
Jonesville as an Ether Market

"I've got to stay over and see the proprietor of the New Bon Marché to-morrow," remarked the gray-haired traveling salesman to the desk man at the Hotel New Triamion, Jonesville. "I've been selling him for thirty years, beginning back when he called his place Brown's Drygoods Store. But one of his grandchildren was having his tonsils out to-day and it upset him so he couldn't talk business.

"His father and mother brought up

eleven children back on the old farm and the only time they sent for the doctor was when the cow was sick. Now he has to stop and ask his secretary which one of the youngsters is in the hospital. They spend their winters gargling and their summers having their teeth straightened. He says if Congress wants to do something about the income tax it should make special provision for successful business men whose children and grandchildren are being reared scientifically."

McC. H.

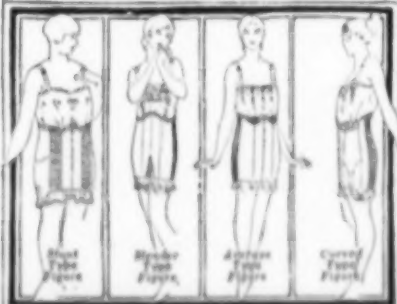


THIS REDFERN Wrap-around, N/234, offers perfect comfort and perfect contour to the woman of relatively small waist and natural curves. Note how the double hose supporter and special designing prevent any riding up.

In brocade, \$16.50

In coutil, \$8.50

Send for booklet illustrating Redfern Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures.



Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 547 Madison Ave., New York; 912 W. Adams St., Chicago; 211 Geary St., San Francisco.

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Potash and Perlmutter"

MONTAGUE GLASS'S droll characters, *Potash* and *Perlmutter*, are just exactly as funny on the screen as they were on the stage or in the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post*—which means that the movie version of "Potash and Perlmutter" is a picture that is not to be missed.

Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr occupy the rôles that they created when Mr. Glass's stories were first dramatized, and neither of them loses anything on the screen. Each is such a practiced master of gesture and facial expression that he can manage to convey the profound comedy of the piece without having to speak the words.

Of course, "Potash and Perlmutter" requires some dialogue, and this is managed with great skill in the sub-titles. I can remember but few of them that were not good for a round of substantially hearty laughs.

IT is quite possible that "Potash and Perlmutter" will prove distasteful to the noble Knights of the brave Ku Klux Klan, because it dares to intimate that a New York Jew is just about as human as a Memphis Methodist.

However, if the Klansmen fail to enjoy the honest, homely humor of this picture, they are even more humorless themselves than any one has hitherto suspected.

"Monna Vanna"

BEARING the well-known imprint of William Fox, "Monna Vanna" comes to us as the latest importation from Germany.

In the splendor of its pageantry, the beauty of its scene and the grandeur

of its size, "Monna Vanna" deserves favorable comparison with "Passion," "Deception" and the other Teutonic films; but its story is so long-winded and incoherent that most of the effect is swamped.

"Monna Vanna" came from a play by Maurice Maeterlinck—which is dull enough to start with. Then, following its production in Germany, it was turned over to the mental giants on the Fox scenario staff, who proceeded to endow it with a series of sub-titles which, for sheer elegance and floweriness, surpass even the verbose efforts of David Wark Griffith himself.

I doubt very much whether "Monna Vanna" will occasion much of a stir anywhere; but those who see it will recognize that, under the heap of dead and dying sub-titles, is buried a measure of real directorial genius. Richard Eichberg is the director's name, and it is one that should be remembered.

"The Gold Diggers"

A VERY HOPWOOD'S slim farce of life among the chorus girls, "The Gold Diggers," has been made into a movie, and while it doesn't break any artistic records, it serves at least one purpose in bringing to light the hitherto completely hidden talents of Hope Hampton as a comedienne.

Miss Hampton has never been much of a box-office attraction for the editor of this department. She has wandered about with a baffled expression through various film dramas, trying desperately hard to rise to the situations, and then being depressed by the inadequacy of her reach. In "The Gold Diggers," Miss Hampton doesn't try to act, or emote, or give an

impersonation of Eleanora Duse; she merely behaves like a vivacious young Follies girl, with a couple of Bacardi cocktails to her credit, and an optimistic outlook upon life.

As a result, Miss Hampton proves to be charming and gay. Her manner is natural and her touch light.

ALTHOUGH "The Gold Diggers" is one of those "Warner Brothers' Classics of the Screen" which were to have been supervised personally by the Rev. David Belasco, I understand that while the picture was being made in Hollywood, he was spending a happy summer in Atlantic City.

In spite of this horrible handicap, "The Gold Diggers" manages to establish itself as attractive entertainment.

"The Marriage Maker"

IN "The Marriage Maker," Charles de Roche appears as a faun—startled but far from startling. He leaps to and fro eerily, with elfin grace, mincing about from flower to flower and behaving just like a prankful little fay.

If you like fauns—particularly whimsical fauns—you will find cause for ecstasy in M. de Roche's performance. Personally, my own attitude toward all these woodland folk (leprechauns, pixies, flibbertigibbets and peris) has been that I could take them or leave them alone.

"The Marriage Maker" is the poorest picture that the estimable William de Mille has ever made, and the least intelligent. In fact, it couldn't have been much more stupid if it had been sponsored by his brother Cecil—which is exceedingly strong talk, if you know what I think I mean.

Robert E. Sherwood.





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And then as you press the button,
the story that the happy hours hold is
yours for the years.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up.

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Could It Have Been Hiram?

A familiar figure in the political world stalked through the lobby of the St. Francis.

"What party does he belong to?" asked the Chatty Guest.

"Shush!" warned the Wild Wag. "He would be horribly offended to hear that question. You should ask what party belongs to him."

—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Dish of Disunion

Extract from Girl Guide Examination Paper for cook's badge:

"Question. What are the ingredients for an Irish Stew? Answer. For an Irish Stew take one Union and cut it up...."

—Punch (London).

Girls!

MADGE: He looked awfully silly when he proposed.

MARJORIE: No wonder. Look at the silly thing he was doing.

—Eve (London).



Seasoned and Sophisticated Movie Patron: KISSIN' HER, EH? I WONDER IF THAT'S HER HUSBIN' OR THE TRUSTED FRIEND OF THE FAMBLY.

—Bulletin (Sydney).

"CAN Europe Hold Together?" asks a headline. Europe can do nothing together!—Detroit News.

Obeying Orders

A colonel who had been promoted to general gave a banquet to his regiment.

Addressing himself to the soldiers, he said: "Fall upon the food without pity—treat it as if it were the enemy."

At the end of the banquet he observed a sergeant hiding two bottles of wine.

"What are you doing?" asked the colonel.

"Obeying orders, sir. In war, when you don't kill the enemy you take them prisoner."

—Buen Humor (Madrid).

Pretension

"That the Duponts? Pooh! Beggars they are—without a penny!"

"Really? But they say they spend over twenty thousand a year."

"Hypocrisy, my dear. It's only to give the impression that they have money."—Sans-Gêne (Paris).

Revived

The wisest thing Theodore Roosevelt ever said is quoted least: "The public won't take its own part."

—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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by CUNARD

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Twenty

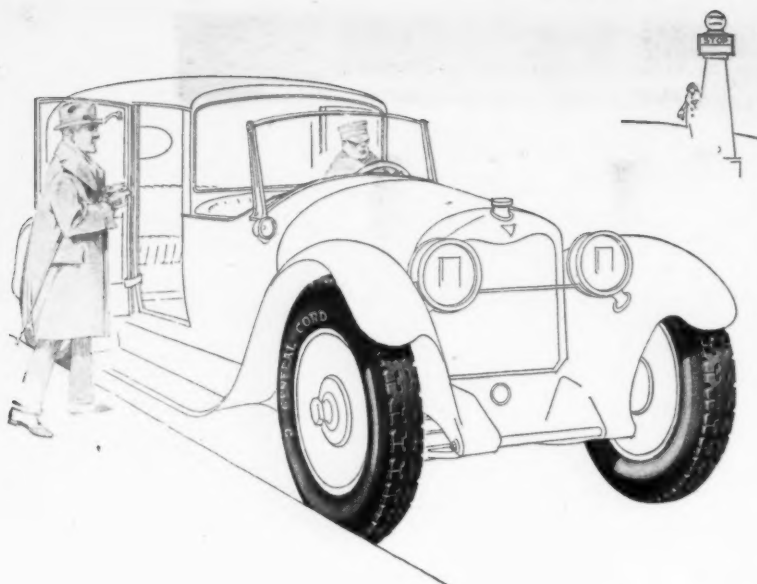
**RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT
CIGARETTES**

I SUPPOSE a novelist must make eventual capital of whatever material stirs him strongly, but it is a great disappointment to me, always out with my drum for Edith Wharton, that she should have fallen back upon the war for her latest book. The substance of "A Son at the Front" (Scribner) is summarized in its title and, as it has been running serially in its publishers' magazine, is probably familiar to most of you. Of course, if we are to keep on reading about war-time Paris for the rest of our lives, I much prefer that Mrs. Wharton and others of her standard should write such books for us, rather than returned soldiers with whom reminiscence gets the better of technique. But I sincerely hope that she got it out of her system in "A Son

at the Front," and from now on I shall watch with great eagerness for a title that is more typical of her.

"THE ENCHANTED GARDEN," by Henry James Forman (Little, Brown), begins so well that it is almost unbearable when it deserts its promise. In the first place, the title is charming. In the second, there is one of Housman's poems on the fly leaf. In the third, the foreword states that the secret behind the appearances of life is woman, and that if the author had a son, the blessing he would give him would be: "Heaven defend you in the women you meet!" After all that, it's a little poor to have it dwindle down to a boy and a girl on a South Sea Island.

Diana Warwick.



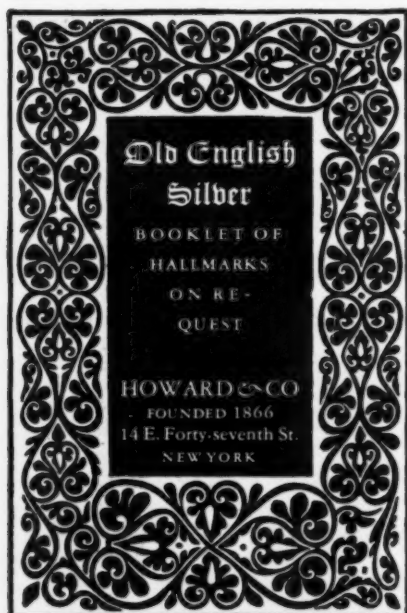
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Make Your Reservations Early!
The Great Football Number of LIFE—
coming. Whistle blows Nov. 15 sharp.

The Importantly Unimportant

I HAVE always heard that true art consists in economy—of line, of gesture or of words. A painter or an actor or a writer who can get down to essentials and stay there is the real boy or girl.

If this is so, I have discovered—stop me if I haven't—a new art, that of saying practically nothing with the most terrific importance.

Don't get me wrong. I do not mean the crude pattering of retired army officers, statesmen, fathers, oil salesmen or the characters of a prize play. They say little enough, but oh, Lord! how long it takes them to do it. No, my artists are concise, brief—almost sketchy. But the implied weight of their words would bring the A deck of the Leviathan to within ten inches of the cold, angry sea.

Take, for instance, my friend the elevator starter. All I have ever heard him say is "Right!" implying that the elevator has now his full permission to elevate. But it isn't what he says, if you follow me: it is

Sure Relief



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the way he says it. The minute you hear him say "Right" you can stake your insurance that God's in His heaven, etc. The starter's entire life is bound up in that one word. With a wealth of dignity and a breadth of expression, it discloses his complete cosmos.

Then I have another friend. He is a bus conductor. When he says, "Low bridge—don't stand up," he is as Moses, hurling forth an eleventh commandment. Majestic! Colossal! Supernal!

They are a brave and gallant crew, these purveyors of the importantly unimportant, whose contributions range from the aloof "Customer—Miss Blatz!" of the superbly detached aisle-man to the esoteric and terrible "Hrrmpf!" of the oldest living member of the Centurion Club.

H. W. H.

WHAT women are fitted for nowadays: Knickers.

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Prepare now and drive in comfort all winter. **WASCO** GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM. Also used for heating offices, stores and cottages. **READY-TO-SET-UP**



Lessons

WHEN I was young I had no sense
(Ah, me, the spell of laughing
eyes),

And foolishly I spent my pence
On cure-alls for a maiden's sighs.
On sweets for Jessie, gloves for May;
On this for Pansy, that for Flo
I squandered what I had each day,
When I was young...and did not
know.

But now I'm old and rated wise
(Ah, me, the lessons of the years),
And I have learned the subtle lies
That lend enchantment to the dears.
A gift from Gorham's, or a book,
A rare edition, tooled in gold,
An opera party—thus each look
I still respond to...now I'm old.

J. K. M.



Multiplying Man-power

To the man with pick and shovel the digging of holes for telephone poles is a slow and arduous task. Under favorable soil conditions three to five holes are for him an average day's work. Under adverse conditions perhaps he can account for only one. When the hole is dug, eight or ten men are required to raise the pole with pikes.

But the hole-borer with derrick attached, operated by only three men, can erect as many as eighty poles in a day—releasing for other telephone work upwards of forty men.

Hundreds of devices to quicken telephone construction, to increase its safety to the employee, and to effect economies are being utilized in the Bell System. Experiments are constantly being made to find the better and shorter way to do a given job. Each tool invented for the industry must be developed to perfection.

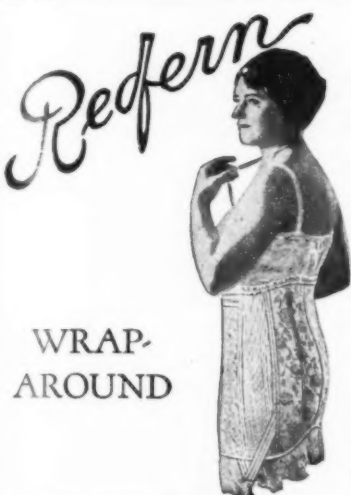
In the aggregate these devices to multiply man-power mean an enormous yearly saving of time, labor and money throughout the whole Bell System. Without them telephone service would be rendered neither as promptly, as efficiently nor as economically as it is to-day.



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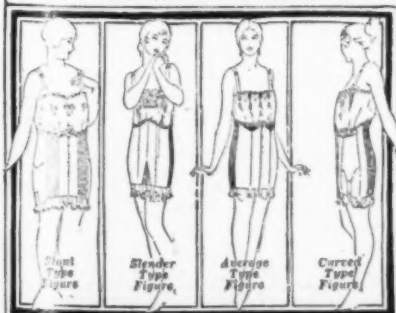


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In brocade, \$16.50

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Send for booklet illustrating Redfern Wrap-arounds for stout-type, slender-type, average-type and curved-type figures.



Wrap-arounds are made only by the Warner Brothers Co., 347 Madison Ave., New York; 367 W. Adams St., Chicago; 28 Geary St., San Francisco.

Jonesville as an Ether Market

"I've got to stay over and see the proprietor of the New Bon Marché to-morrow," remarked the gray-haired traveling salesman to the desk man at the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "I've been selling him for thirty years, beginning back when he called his place Brown's Drygoods Store. But one of his grandchildren was having his tonsils out to-day and it upset him so he couldn't talk business.

"His father and mother brought up

eleven children back on the old farm and the only time they sent for the doctor was when the cow was sick. Now he has to stop and ask his secretary which one of the youngsters is in the hospital. They spend their winters gargling and their summers having their teeth straightened. He says if Congress wants to do something about the income tax it should make special provision for successful business men whose children and grandchildren are being reared scientifically."

McC. H.

YOU HAVE THEM in your home—put them on your car.

For safety's sake, carry a kit of dependable Edison MAZDA Lamps as you carry a spare tire.

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CRAB flakes Mornay and Bailey's Beach; Batiste blouses and Buick runabouts; fox-trotting and tea without sugar; rolled stockings and a baby stare. Always open to suggestions. Sunburnt, carefree, loquacious.

Ruth

Motor-boating and Andreyev; chocolate peppermints and ectoplasm; picnics and Mah-Jong; caviar and Southampton. Over-rouges and is usually sleepy after 11:30 P. M. Not so bored as she appears.

Sally

Beige georgette pleats and lunch at the Ritz; bobbed hair and "India's Love Lyrics"; lace collars and silver-tipped cigarettes; strawberry ice and mixed doubles. A movie enthusiast. Rises late.

Edith

Printed Suzanna crêpe and Sherry's; sand dunes and marshmallows; picture puzzles and jade ear-drops. Sits out all waltzes and adores moonlight. Responsive, impressionable, wistful.

Audrey

Swiss organdie and charades; Bar Harbor and detective stories; golf and water colors. Always writing letters. Kittenish. A collector of souvenirs.

C. G. S.

Clark's 4th Round the World Cruise
from N. Y. Jan. 15th, Westward by specially chartered new Cunarder "Leconia," 20,000 tons; oil burning, 4 mos., \$1000 up, including hotels, guide, driver, fees, food, over in Europe. Visiting Panama Canal, Los Angeles 18 days Japan and China, Java, etc. 18 days in India; Ceylon, Java, etc. 18 days, Europe, etc. CLARK'S 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Feb. 2, specially chartered White Star S. S. "Baltic," 65 days, \$600 up, including driver, guide, hotel, fees, 18 days Palestine and Egypt.

F. C. Clark Times Building New York

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LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-six years. In that time it has expended \$221,827.00 and has given a fortnight in the country to 44,325 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 398 Madison Ave., New York City.

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Collected at the Keewaydin Camps on Lake Dunmore, Vt. 61.32
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Quinbeck Junior and Senior Camps, So. Fairlee, Vt. 53.60
Mr. and Mrs. J. Harold Beckman, Camp Quinbeck 1.50
Miss Elizabeth Shriver, Camp Quinbeck 4.25
Mrs. Anna Ross Weeks, Camp Quinbeck 34.85
Proceeds from an amateur circus performed by Lila E. Johnson, Leona I. Johnson, W. D. Vanderbilt, Jr., John Vanderbilt, and Sanderson Vanderbilt, Shelburne Falls, Mass. 50
Eight's Birthday Contribution from Wells Fargo Ostrander, Seattle, Wash. 20.00

\$24,305.91

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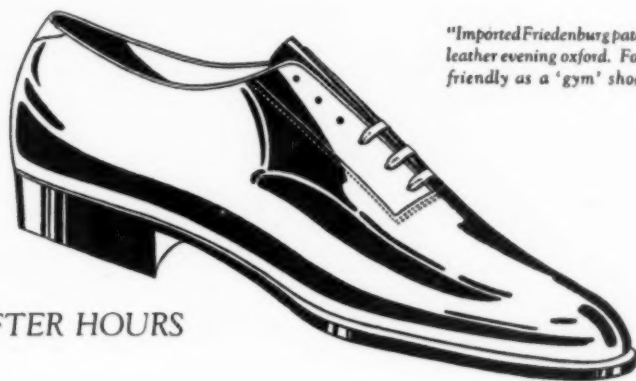


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Bostonian shoes are successful because to good looks are added an individuality in design and construction which gets you the foot-friendly feeling that crowns the best of style.

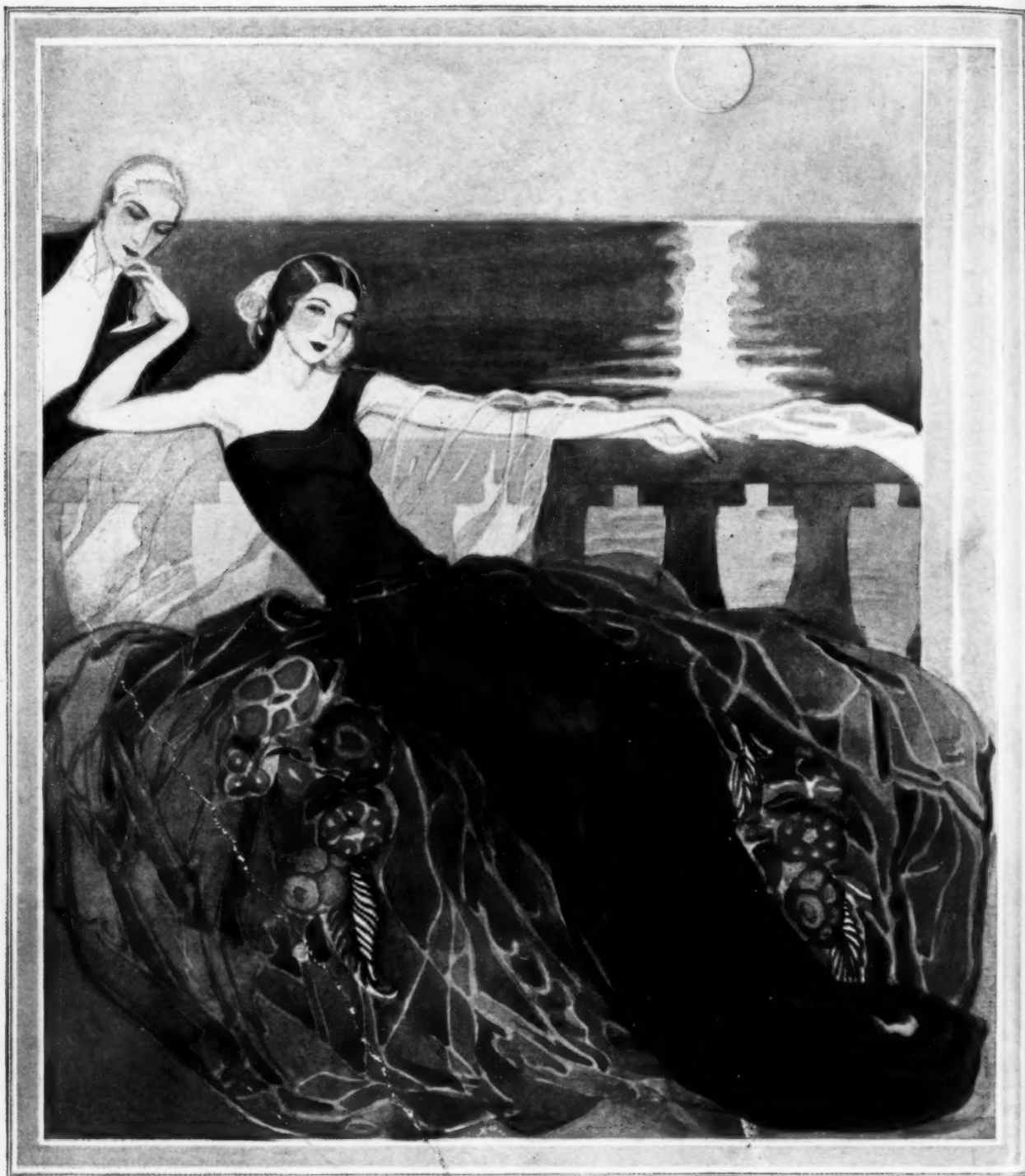
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